

# the Monster Times

WOULD YOU TAKE A FREE COPY  
OF TMT FROM THIS APE? . . .

Well, a lot of people did during MT's June 27 Ape In which you can read all about on Page 14. Our TMT-shirted squirel caused quite a furor with many members of the Fan City population . . . so much so that rumors of a MONSTER TIMES fan club began blowing in the wind. But soft! . . . we can say no more! Except to whisper, "Stay tuned for further announcements . . ."

Aye, after you see what the our MT ape hath wrought, check out what the Wolfman, the Phantom, the Frog, the Groves, and Peter Cushing have been up to . . . all of which is contained within.



## Monster Times



### GADZOOKS... ITS GODZILLA

One guy who never fails to amaze and get with a bang . . . and an atomic one at that . . . is GODZILLA. And starting this issue, the Big G will be making a regular appearance in these pages, offering his wit, wisdom, and weird caprices and establishing himself, as he himself puts it, as "the Rose Barrett of Monsterdom." Inside info, lively lore, and gossip galore will highlight this feature by the Crowned King of the Monsters. In fact, the big guy asked us to call him by his nickname, GGG, but we think that's going too far . . .



*Even a man who is pure in heart  
and says his prayers by night,  
may become a wolf  
when the wolfbane blooms  
and the autumn moon is bright.*

## WELCOME HOME

AN OPENED-top sports car rushes through an old wooded road leading into Wales' back country. The driver, an elderly gent serving as butler for the Talbot Estate, moves closer to the passenger's side and proudly states, "Talbot Castle, Mr. Larry." Larry Talbot (LON CHANEY) smiles as the car nears the grounds.

A short time later Larry enters the large brick home to find his father, Sir John (CLAUDE RAINS), welcome him home. In the living room another man waits. Sir John introduces him as Paul Montford (RALPH BELLAMY) and Larry immediately recognizes him as his old friend from years past. Montford smiles, telling him he just dropped by to welcome him home. After Montford leaves, Larry is amazed at finding out his friend has become a police man, holding the rank of Captain at that.

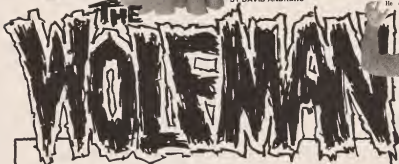
Larry faces a large picture that hangs on the wall, looks up at it and laments, "Father, I'm sorry about John." Sir John replies, "Your brother's death was a blow to all of us." Larry insists that he didn't come simply because of his brother's death, that he had kept up on the news of his father's contributions to science. Sir John promises that, though he had been strict with his son in the past, now they would be able to get along.

## CURSE OF THE WEREWOLF!

Larry helped him put a large telescope together and, finding it worked properly, Sir John left Larry watching the country sights from the gigantic instrument. He focused it on a building window and saw a beautiful young woman (EVELYN ANKERIS) holding a pair of earrings. Larry smiled and went out into the street. He came to a shop with the sign

The wolfbane is blooming and the moon is shining bright as Larry Talbot completes the terrible transformation from Man into Monster! While Mr. Conditte might be capable of bringing out the best in any man, she wasn't expecting Larry to assume such a deadly serious attitude. Universal's 1941 classic and a film the studio Lon Chaney, Jr. a haunted household word unfolds in all its grim glory below.

BY DAVID ANDREWS

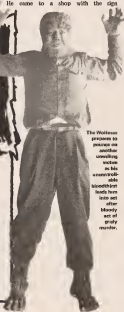


Who can ever forget those prophetic words? Whether they were written, as some say, by an anonymous gypsy folk poet, or by some hack writer at Universal Studios—what matter who composed them first? The important thing is the fact that the poem has struck terror into the fast-beating hearts of horror fans everywhere and nowhere were these words brought to more chilling life than in Universal's classic **THE WOLFMAN**, the film that launched Lon Chaney Jr. into the highest reaches of horror film stardom. And here now to give you an in depth, bite-by-bite recreation of that unforgettable flick is David Andrews—who suggests, by the way that you read it, if at all humanly possible, under the eerie light of the next full moon . . . Beats candlelight for atmosphere any night in the week.

Soon after making his first two horror films, **ONE MILLION B.C.** and **MAN MADE MONSTER**, Lon Chaney Jr. starred in **THE WOLFMAN**, a film destined to make him the new horror star of several great Universal Pictures. Repeating the Wolfman part in **FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLFMAN**, **THE HOUSE OF DRACULA** and **ARABOT AND GOSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN**, it has become something of a classic along with **FRANKENSTEIN** and **ORACULA**.

Larry Talbot . . . . . LON CHANEY JR.  
Sir John Talbot . . . . . CLAUDE RAINS  
Gwen Conditte . . . . . EVELYN ANKERIS  
Paul Montford . . . . . RALPH BELLAMY  
Dr. Lloyd . . . . . WALTER WILLIAM  
Jerry Williams . . . . . FAY HELM  
Mellon . . . . . MARIA OUSPENSKAYA  
Frank Andrews . . . . . PATRIC KIRKWOOD  
Zerk . . . . . BILL LUGOSI

The Wolfman promises to provide an amazing unveiling action as his werewolfable bloodlust leads him into action after bloody set of gory murder.



GONLIFFE'S ANTIQUAR SHOP panted over the window and went in. Inside, the same young woman was behind the counter. Larry smiled and walked up to her.

Larry's eyes caught a group of crows and he said he might buy one of them. Each one she showed him didn't interest him until he found one with a silver-headed wolf mounted on top with a strange mark, a pentagram. Larry was mystified by the strange symbol and asked her what it meant. She told him it was the sign of the werewolf, "a human being who at certain times of the year changes into a wolf." The girl then quoted an old poem, "Given a man who is pure in heart and says his prayers by night may become a wolf when the wolfbane blooms and the autumn moon is bright." The pentagram, she explained, was a message every werewolf sets in the palm of his next victim's hands. Larry bought the cane but first he asked her for a clue to go have their fortunes told by some gypsies they had seen come into town.

In front of Conliffe's shop later that night, Larry met Gwen. A thick fog had set in and the moon was nearly full. Gwen, easily frightened by the eerie surroundings, was startled by Larry's approach. Gwen asked someone else to come out of the shop and another girl about her age introduced as Jenny Williams (FAY HESLI) appeared. Gwen told him that Jenny wanted to have her fortune told too and would go along with them.

A short time later the three came into a clearing, covered by an impenetrable fog and sinister moon shining in the night. Jenny recited wolfbane growing and quoted the poem pertaining to the werewolf legend in the same manner as Larry had heard before. Gwen laughed and told him everyone in the village knew about werewolves and many even believed in their existence.

At the camp they got a quick glimpse of an old gypsy woman (MARIA OUSPENSKAYA), the mother of Bela—the gypsy who was to tell their fortunes. Bela (BELA LUGOSI) came out of a tent to face the trio. Jenny went in first while Larry and Gwen went off for a little stroll. In the woods, Larry shared his feelings for Gwen but she told him she was already promised to another man and that their marriage would take place sometime in the near future. Still, she did feel something for Larry and experienced a little twinge of guilt at being with him instead of her fiancé.



Bela the Gypsy (played by Bela the Legend) tells her monstrous monstrosity. Little does he know that he will soon have a brother as lycanthropic in the person of the newly-arrived Larry Talbot.

Inside the gypsy tent, Jenny asked about her future when Bela suddenly roared strangely after spitting some wolfbane she had picked and she threw it to the floor, almost in a angry rage.

Then the gypsy continued in a calmer tone, "Your hands, please!" In the palm of her hand, and visible only to him, Bela saw the pentagram which meant he would kill her as his next victim. The gypsy was



Unbeknownst to him, Larry is about to purchase the instrument of his ultimate doom: a silver-headed cane known for its ability for ridling the world of werewolves just like the one he is soon to become.

a werewolf! He turned suddenly in panic, fear showing clearly on his face. Bela told her there was nothing more he could tell her tonight, that she should come back the following day. She asked, "What do you see, something evil?" The gypsy tried to pretend nothing was wrong and told her to go quickly. Jenny ran out into the woods, terrified. Bela the gypsy meanwhile fell to the ground in tears, not wishing the terrible ordeal to occur again but being powerless to prevent it.

Moments later a large, roaring wolf charged into the woods in a direct path towards Jenny Williams! Finally on her, the monstrous beast tore at her flesh and plunged its teeth into her neck. Further off, Larry and Gwen heard the cries and Larry became alarmed at the frightening sound. Hearing the screams of Jenny, Larry, despite Gwen's pleas, rushed after her. Larry found Jenny as the wolf was drawing blood from the hapless victim. Laying at the head, rotting over on top of it, Larry fought desperately to tear its mouth open with his hands. The wolf struggled and managed to get its teeth into Larry's chest as they fought. Grabbing his silver-headed cane, Larry pounded the end on the wolf over and over until the creature finally gave up and slumped dead to the ground. Larry

## STRANGE DISCOVERY!

Gwen found Larry on the ground, his clothes torn and bloody. Weakly, he told her of the wolf, and as she ran off for help, the old gypsy woman, Mala, came slowly by in a wagon. Together, they brought Larry back to the Talbot Estate. Sir John and Montford saw Larry being brought in and asked what had happened. Gwen told them he had been bitten by a wolf. Sir John replied that their grandfather's been wolves around those parts for years and Capt. Montford asked where it had taken place. Mala mysteriously disappeared. Suddenly a village came in with news that Jenny Williams had just been found murdered by a wild animal out by the gypsy camp, her throat torn open. Capt. Montford, alarmed by the news, asked the man to show him and they went out into the night to investigate the grisly murder.

Out in the marsh, Capt. Montford and a group of others assembled around the spot where Jenny had been killed. Montford surmised that she had been killed by some large animal. Dr. Lloyd (WARREN WILLIAMS) confirmed it, saying, "A jaguar was severed by the bite of powerful teeth." Suddenly Frank Andrews (PATRICK KNOWLES), Gwen's fiancé, called from a short distance away that he had made a discovery. Capt. Montford and the doctor went over and saw Bela lying dead on the ground by a tree. Dr. Lloyd said his skull had been crushed from the blow of a sharp instrument. One of the party noticed Bela's feet were bare but he was otherwise fully dressed. They found the silver-headed cane Larry had used to kill the wolf and discovered that the tracks leading up to her were those of a wolf.

The following morning there were a series of loud knocks at Larry's door. He opened it to find his father, Capt. Montford and Dr. Lloyd. They showed their concern and Larry admitted he had a rough time the night before but that he was feeling better now. They asked him if the silver-headed cane was his. Larry admitted it was and Sir John told him his cane was found by the body of the gypsy, killed near the place where Jenny Williams was found.

Larry told them that he had only seen a wolf but discovered that the wound he was given by the beast no longer existed. Lloyd and Montford left with Sir John's promise to join them shortly. Larry was terribly upset and said, "They're treating me like I was crazy!" On that unhappy note Larry's father left to join the others downstairs.

## THE DEADLY TRUTH!

In the large living room on the first floor, Sir John returned to his guests. Capt. Montford spoke, "I'm not accus-

Captain Montford, Dr. Lloyd and Sir John Talbot confront Larry with the silver-headed cane found in the site of Bela's murder. Despite the rational words of Montford from Sir John and others, Larry slowly becomes convinced that he is that most infamous substance of the Secretary of the Diamond... The werewolf!





Larry and Malva, the gypsy woman, seem to be sharing the secret and woe of the monstrous monster they are powerless to prevent...

emerged into the surroundings and searched the coffin. Hearing the sound of voices, Larry backed around a safe so no one would see him. Malva and a gypsy walked into the crypt. The priest complained that they were all going to hold a celebration over Bela's death and that this was disrespectful to the dead. Malva said, "For a thousand years we gypsies have buried our dead like this. I couldn't break the custom even if I wanted to." The priest gave up, saying, "Fighting against superstition is as hard as fighting against Satan himself," and left the crypt.

As Larry continued his watch, the old gypsy woman filled the front part of the coffin so that only Bela's head could be viewed and started saying a strange death chant. "The way you walked was thorny, through no fault of your own. But as the rain enters the soil, the river returns the sea, so your run to a predetermined end. Your suffering is over, Bela my son. Now you will find peace." The gypsy woman looked the lad once more and walked sadly away. Larry watched her leave and



"Then I'll be so it that you CAN'T get out," Sir John with his distraught son in his back bent to a Talbot Castle show. "Now you'll see that this and thing you've compared up is only in the end." Unhappy words were never spoken. With fangs, fur and blood redoubled sound, Larry Talbot roars the woods in search of fresh victims.

the wolf was Bela. Malva told him, "Bela became a wolf and you killed him. A werewolf can be killed only with a silver bullet or a silver knife or a stick with a silver handle." Larry thought she was going crazy and stated strongly that he had only killed a plain, ordinary wolf. The woman told Larry to take a charm which contained the sign of the pentagram to protect him from the evil spell. Larry was almost frantic by this tone, laughing it off as nonsense. Before he could leave, however, Malva told him an amazing piece of news. "Whomever is bitten by a werewolf and lives becomes a werewolf himself." Larry confessed he had been bitten and Malva said, "Wear this charm over your heart always." Malva asked him to show her the wound. Reluctantly, he substituted his shirt and revealed his chest. There where once the wound had been was the sign of the werewolf, a pentagram shaped from the scars.

#### BIRTH OF A MONSTER!

Further down in the camp Larry met Gwen, and asked what had happened to Frank. "Oh, we had a quarrel," she replied. Larry offered to take her home. As they walked a ways, Gwen noticed the charm he had been given by the gypsy woman. Larry explained that he had

gotten it from Malva. Gwen asked to get a better look and discovered it to be a pentagram. "Yes," Larry replied. "She told that I was a werewolf!" Gwen was startled and said that he really couldn't believe that Larry was saddened and offered her the charm for protection against himself. She didn't want to take it but Larry smiled and said, "Just in case."

Suddenly Larry noticed that the gypsy camp was breaking up and all the people were getting into wagons and leaving. Larry asked a nearby gypsy what was wrong and the man said, "There's a werewolf in camp," departing quickly with the others.

Larry's fears exploded in nightmare waves of terror. When he regained control of himself once more he entered his bedroom. He took his shirt off to reveal only his bare torso and looked in a full-scale mirror, panic and horror flooding his eyes. He took a seat and peeled off his shoes and socks. Outside the night's full moon burned bright with a sinister glow of impending evil.

Suddenly the thing happened, the transformation overcame Larry as he began to change from man to beast! Hair sprang out of his legs, his nails became the claws of a wolf. In only moments, he had become a werewolf! (Or in the



... so when Sir John THE WOLFMAN strikes ... this time the town grandfather is his victim.

him of foul play. Sir John, but after all two people are dead and I am chief constable." Dr. Lloyd said he didn't have to make a big mystery out of it, though they all knew the incident was precisely that. Sir John, however, explained it all in his usual calm, reasonable scientific style. "There's a very simple explanation. A dog or a wolf attacked Jenny Williams, that's proven. When the crowd for help Larry and Bela went to her rescue. It was dark and in the excitement and confusion the gypsy was killed." Dr. Lloyd suggested that the reason Bela had no shoes was because the panic gave him no time to put them on. Capt. Mortimer was, however, persistent and asked about the wound. Sir John replied that Larry probably wasn't actually bitten but simply assumed he had been since the wolf had torn his clothes to shreds. Capt. Mortimer asked about the blood found on his shirt, saying that a wound surely couldn't heal overnight. Dr. Lloyd answered that the cause was that the patient was mentally disturbed and that the shock had done it.

In the afternoon a wagon carrying Bela's coffin passed slowly through town. Larry saw it and followed its trail from the street walks, deeply troubled with the doubts about killing the wolf and began to wonder if it really was Bela. The wagon stopped at the cemetery and several men carried the coffin into the crypt, setting it down on a large narrow table. Soon after they departed, Larry

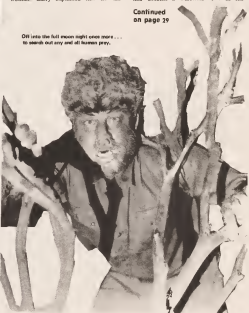
suddenly wept violent tears at the thought that he might have killed Bela without knowing it.

Later that afternoon the gypsy camp held their mourning rituals. Villagers from all over came to the big celebration, as gay gypsy music played in the background. Frank and Gwen walked through the crowds, enjoying the sights and sounds, until they spotted Larry. Frank offered to meet him to show he wasn't jealous, and they found Larry near a wagon where a life-and-target game had been set up. Frank asked a gypsy for two guns and Larry took the first shot at the targets. The first ones hit perfectly. The next target was a wolf and Larry was suddenly and violently affected by the sight. Frank jokingly told him to get it before it hit him and Larry raised by a wide margin. Frank shot next and hit the wolf dead center with the first shot. Frank asked him if he'd care to go another round and Larry said he wouldn't, choosing to leave instead by way of some brush that covered him from view. Sir John took a companion, "He's unseeing. The long trip, that unfortunate accident the other night."

Malva ran into Larry on his walk home. She said something rather surprising to him. "You've been a long time coming." "Oh, I remember you," Larry replied. "That night—and in the crypt!"

Inside her tent, Malva told him he killed the wolf. Larry said there was no crime in that, but she informed him that

Off into the full moon night once more ... to search out any and all human prey.



Continued on page 29

The vigilante series  
 goes by the moniker of The Phantom.  
 In actuality, he's the last in the line  
 of a whole bunch of vigilante heroes.  
 Oughtn't, eh? 197

For years without number comicdom's The PHANTOM has been battling the "evil elements" of "Bengal" from the wrong side of the political fence. We at TMT feel that it is high time that this imperialist Wolf in Superhero's Clothing be exposed for what he is; which is, in the words of our narrator, "a mercenary running-dog lackey with license to kill." Our author, Ms. M.J. "Blowenup" Weatherperson is actually the pseudonym of an outspoken MT contributor (Dean Latimer) who, in view of possible reprisals, wishes to remain anonymous. We have every intention, then, of honoring Mr. Latimer's request.

Can you imagine, sisters and brothers, a white male operating secretly in the jungles of some Third World country, armed with weapons superior to the technologically-deprived peoples of that area, garbed in some neo-Fascist uniform that conceals his 'identity,' perpetuating a hoax that has been maliciously maintained for nearly four hundred years? Now what does that sound like, to anyone with the most meagre grasp of historical politics? Racist capitalist pug imperialist exploitation, that's what it sounds like, right? Well, sisters and brothers we now have an opportunity, thanks to the Nostalgia Press, to investigate one of the most blatant and braided instances of imperialist oppression ever set down in black and white: THE PHANTOM, number three in Nostalgia Press' series called 'THE GOLDEN AGE OF COMICS'.

More specifically, the volume under consideration here comprises one so-called 'adventure' of the Phantom, titled 'The Prisoner Of The Himalayas,' which ran daily in many American newspapers in 1939. As scripted by

# THE MONSTER TIMES

by Ms. M.J. "Blowenup" Weatherperson

## PEOPLE'S JUSTICE DEPT. PRESENTS THE CASE AGAINST THE PHANTOM



THE HISTORY  
 OF THE  
 PHANTOM

THE PHANTOM made its comic debut as a daily newspaper strip in February 1939, then added a Sunday strip later that year. Writer Lee Falk originally conceived his hero as a millionaire playboy who would don costume and fight gangsters and racketeers at night. This was successfully utilized in the later Batman strip by Bob Kane.

Falk, however, found a better method. Why not make the Phantom the last in a long line of justice fighters waging an unrelenting war against the underground? This genuinely original idea made the Phantom more legend than man. The people called him, "The Ghost Who Walks".

Like all legendary figures he has a symbol: "the sign of the skull," whose simple mention strikes fear into evil-doers the world over. His base of operation is the Bengali region of India, and aided by Gurn, the pygmy and Devil, the wolf, he fights for right and justice. Like all burners, however, he has romance problems, continually searching for the elusive Diana Palmer, his fiancée.



"Propagandist" LEE FALK

one Lee Falk and drawn by a certain Ray Moore—both of them male, of course, and white—this little 'adventure' certainly serves as a set piece in the literature of White European Oppression of Third World Peoples. All the conventional racist imperialist stereotypes are in evidence here, and the regressive processes of colonialist exploitation are outlined in grim clarity; and needless to say, the so-called 'hero' is a male chauvinist pug supreme, and no apologies are presented for his unspeakable behaviour, either toward the poor women he subjects to his rabid macho demoralization, nor to the Third World people he oppresses—under



"Chauvinist" Ray Moore

the flimsy guise of 'protecting' them, of course!

Yes, as presented by his creator Lee Falk, the Phantom loudly and incessantly proclaims his professed concern for the people of an Oriental country called 'Bengal'—obviously India. 'Anything that happens in Barogar (the capital of "Bengal") endangers my people,' he says at one point in the book. What he means, of course, is that, 'Anything that happens in Barogar without my consent and participation endangers my control over the people.' It can easily be shown from this book that the Phantom really cares not one bit about The People of 'Bengal,' but about their foreign imperialist mercantile exploiters in Great Britain, for whom he is obviously a mercenary running-dog lacking with license to kill.

First of all, let us consider the Phantom's historical role in Bengal, as presented at the beginning of the book by Falk and Moore. 'Four hundred years ago,' they explain, 'a man was washed up on a remote Bengal shore. He had seen his father killed and his ship scuttled by Singh pirates. He swore an oath (of revenge) on the skull of his father's murderer. He was the first Phantom, and the eldest male (my italics) of each succeeding generation of his family carried on. As the unbroken line continued through the centuries, the Orient believed it was always the same man.'

#### ORIGINS OF OPPRESSION

Now let us all consider all this in the light of historical reality, stripped of the effete chauvinist romanticism with which we have been culturally programmed to consider such myths. 'Four hundred years ago': not a half-century had passed after Vasco da Gama circumnavigated Africa in 1488, then the pirate-navies of every European country were devastating the coasts of East Africa, Arabia, and India. Civilisations older than Rome were being systematically destroyed by the likes of da Gama, Almeda, and



REACHING THE ROOF, THE PHANTOM SEES TWO GUARDS AIMING AT HIM. INSTANTLY HE DIVES INTO THE AIR—



THE MOMENTUM OF HIS SWING CARRIES HIM TO THE TOP OF THE OUTER WALLS—



AND FROM THE WALL, A SHORT JUMP—OUTSIDE THE PALACE GROUNDS!  
next week—THE GARDEN OF SHIVA.

The Phantom always did a great Tarzan imitation, and here he is, showing off for his dog Orsi. Some people have no modesty!

Albuquerque, who adopted every manner of terrorism, rapine, plunder, torture and methodical genocide to impose their barbarous form of imperialism on the older, gentler, more civilised peoples of Africa, the Orient, and Arabia: 'Da Gama,' exerts a contemporary historian, 'tormented helpless fishermen, Almeda tore out the eyes of a nobleman who had come

to him with a promise of his life, for that he suspected a design on his life; Albuquerque cut off the noses of the women and the eyes of the men who fell into his power.' The ancient and complex trade routes of the Indian Ocean and the Gulf of Arabia, formed before Caesar's legions penetrated Great Britain, were utterly destroyed, and the survivors of the plundered cities of the Indian coast were moved into slavery; the sixteenth-century English slaver John Hawkins wore on his coat of arms, 'a demi-Moor (pygmy), copper, in chains.' Within one generation, that is, an entire civilisation of Third-World people was reduced to rubble by white European colonialism.

Is it any wonder, then, that the Singha pirates might have taken a few white lives in retribution for these atrocities. Now, it is not entirely clear whether the original Phantom was Portuguese, Italian, French or English, but the 'contemporary' Phantom is definitely operating for the British Crown. Assuredly he is not working out of some altruistic commitment to 'justice' or 'humanity,' because when we first encounter him, he's vacationing aboard a chartered ocean liner in the Atlantic somewhere. In other words, he turns a pretty penny from his little 'adventures.' The story proper is initiated when the Phantom is contacted in Paris by operatives of the pig militaristic prison-complex, Scotland Yard. It seems, according to The Yard, that the 'Maharaja of Barogar,' who is 'the richest potentate in the world' (in other words, a reactionary puppet tyrant maintained in power by his imperialist superiors) is missing, and England's control of Bengal is consequently threatened. 'We have to find out what's going on there,' the pigs tell the Phantom—a matter of Empire. Achtung and Jawohl, the Phantom heads back to the Orient to 'correct' the situation.

#### MS. DIANA PALMER: A PHANTOM'S DELIGHT

But first, of course, the Phantom must disentangle himself from the messy embroilment that dragged him to Paris to begin with: a woman. The story opens on the predicament of this woman, Diana Palmer, who

#### THE ORIGIN OF THE PHANTOM

This is the creation.

rather short but complete origin of The Phantom. He's still young strong over 30 years after his creation. It's a known fact that superlatives go on longer, something about being the master race...



FOUR HUNDRED YEARS AGO, A MAN WAS WASHED UP ON A REMOTE BENGAL SHORE. HE HAD SEEN HIS FATHER KILLED AND HIS SHIP SCUTTLED BY SINGH PIRATES...



HE SWORE AN OATH ON THE SKULL OF HIS FATHER'S MURDERER. HE WAS THE FIRST PHANTOM, AND THE ELDEST MALE OF EACH SUCCEEDING GENERATION OF HIS FAMILY CARRIED ON....



AS THE UNBROKEN LINE CONTINUED THROUGH THE CENTURIES, THE ORIENT BELIEVED IT WAS ALWAYS THE SAME MAN, SO THE LEGEND GREW!



TODAY AS ALWAYS BEFORE, STRIKING THE SILENT, MYSTERIOUSLY... THE PHANTOM WORKS ALONE!









And here's a sock-up-up sequence with the Phantom doing his thing on skis. Weather here he keeps us from seeing nothing but those purple tights!

believes herself to be 'in love' with the Phantom. It came to pass, understand, that on a previous trip to the Orient, this woman had been granted the inestimably glorious privilege of merely looking upon the Phantom, and from that one glimpse had conceived an everlasting infatuation for him. For a man in a ridiculous jump suit, wearing a mask! Obviously it is not really the Phantom that she 'loves,' but the freedom and purposefulness of his existence, which she, being a woman, is forbidden to experience.

Her wretched condition, which she shares with all women in our male-dominated world, is further degraded by the incessant attentions

which other men about her in Paris keep imposing on her. Not a day passes, the (male) scriptwriter intimates, that one or another of these insecure, sadistic, machismo-inflated baboons is not asking her to marry him! This only contributes to her demoralisation and further undermines her sense of self: what they are telling her, essentially, is that it is her role as a woman to relinquish all intentions toward self-realisation and personal fulfillment, and become a pretty bauble that they can carry around with them for the envious inspection of their fellow bores. Look at me, fellow! See the sexy blonde on my arm! Don't you wish you

were in my oppressive boots!

For as we all know, marriage is just the time-honored institution of women's servitude. Sensing Diana's yearning to be independent, these men around her feel their masculinity to be threatened--what if she were to become truly liberated, and thus a more confident, and worthwhile person than they? So they persecute her day in and day out with their slobbering male attentions, descending sometimes to the utter depths of craven-savagism to gain her favour: 'I know I'm not worth much,' one of them tells her (stating the obvious!): 'I don't play bridge and they tell me I snore at night.' As if this token admission of imperfection could cloak the glowing male sense of superiority he, like all men, carry implicitly around with them!

#### SAVED FOR A FATE WORSE THAN DEATH!

With this steady incursion upon her self-respect, it is no mystery that Diana eventually loses all hope of attaining the Phantom--her symbol of self-realisation--and picks a suitor, evidently at random, to marry her. She submits to his entreaties, the wedding bans are printed, and she is headed toward the altar when, presto, the Phantom returns to 'rescue' her. It seems he heard of her impending marriage, and knows as only a man can know what's best for her--i.e., marriage to HIM.

In surely one of the most flagrant displays of machismo ever concocted, the Phantom breaks into the church and kidnaps Diana from the very altar, in her wedding gown, and bears her off against her will. When she protests that she has her own life to live, he responds that he knows better than she how she should live it. Naturally, she agrees--the script is being written by a MAN, remember--and is about to marry the Phantom, straight away, when Scotland Yard comes in and informs her bridegroom-to-be of his 'greater responsibility' in Bengal.

'I'd be a yellow rat,' the Phantom tells Diana, 'if I married you now.' No, he needs must drop everything now and fulfill his colonialist duty to the Crown--'Matter of Empire,' he assures her. When she begs to be taken with him, he responds that this is impossible because of the danger the trip poses--not to her, but to him. He doesn't want his bride to be a widow 'before she unpacks her wedding presents!' Can you stomach that? The utter gall of this be-pistolled creep? Half the time when he is talking to her, he addresses himself to his lousy dog--to suggest that the dog has more sense than this dicky broad--and yet he takes his dog with him! And sure enough, he leaves her in her wedding gown, weeping, as he flies off to his new male adventure. 'It's a crazy world, Miss Palmer,' someone remarks at this point.

It certainly is crazy. Downright psychopathic, I'd say.

Who says there isn't romance in this craziness? This young lady is obviously dressing about her long lost love, The Phantom. She'll get over it. We have serious knowledge about her that proves she's nothing more than a super-heavy heavy-lifter.



\_\_\_\_\_



They'd told that story of the broken suitcase several times but had never placed it on her own life.





No. 1, Collector's Edition (Korg, etc.), \$2. Montecout premiere: How concerning stories on the wonders of King Kong, NOSFERATU, and OER GOLEM. Also, THE GHOULS, art by Sam Wightman and Gary Monroe, a review of THINGS TO COME and a special treatment of Buck Rogers.



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## TMT BACK ISSUE DEPT.



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## Hurry, Hurry...!

Every day people line up outside the TMT office clamoring for back issues... and lately we've noticed a number of them carrying ropes, buckets of tar, and baskets of feathers! So, before we run out of back issues, or they run as out of town, you'd better fill in the coupons on the right... do it, do it, do it!

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They said it couldn't be done. Sure, The Creature granted an interview with THE MONSTER TIMES and Gorgo most recently chatted with the staff, but we asked our creative selves, what were the chances of getting the BIG guy, the crowned and renowned King of the Monsters, the Great Godzilla himself to take pen in claw and actually write for TMT... in a full length column... every month? We asked ourselves, and then, after purchasing a round-trip ticket to Japan and swallowing a bellyful of aspirin, we asked HIM... and to our surprise His Majesty was delighted to receive us and when we raised the question of his periodically writing a word or two he wagged his tail and spun his spines in total agreement. And so, after much ado about something, THE MONSTER TIMES proudly presents GODZILLA'S GALLERY, the world's first monster gossip column!... Gadzooks!

**G**reetings, everyone! These are the words of slithering GODZILLA, the King of the Crested and the "Rome Barrell of the Monster World" and the "Dear Abby of the Dingo Deep!" According to my amiable employers, I will be gracing "HT" with my wily words of wisdom every month or so, relating in the slightest sense of the word with Seymour, the Friendly Movie Monster. I have quite a bit on my mind (figuratively speaking, of course) and a simply monstrous amount of made-up information to relate to you poor, culture-starved readers. So, good people, read on, enjoy and most of all broaden your intellectual horizons with my unscrupulously delicious food for thought....

To begin with, let me first say a word or two about the people who put together THE MONSTER TIMES. DANGEROUS, DIM-WITTED and DUMB! I don't know if the place is always in the state I found it on the day of my first visit, but the morning I arrived it looked like cleaning day at the city morgue! Can't you guys afford some

Sometimes get to work on a giant roll of A-to-Z letters after I get through getting my agent across to a winging Kong. The "King", I hear, is still overbooked and I'm sure your words and letters would be welcome.

While my breath might not exactly make my love like the best in the world, it does keep me out of trouble at home. Besides, my rugged good looks and charming personality keep my spouse, if not my breath, smiling like a man.

## GADZOOKS... ITS GODZILLA

decent wallpaper? I mean, the Warren Publishing Company you're not! And your latissimus facilitated! How I know what because of your former editors. I caught one crawling deceptively along the floor, searching aimlessly for one of your official TMT tea and cereal! One thing I can say for you guys, you'll do anything for a laugh!

### A BREATH OF STALE AIR

There's a lot more to be said about THE MONSTER TIMES, luckily for them

I haven't the time or the energy to say it all now. At the present pace I'd like to answer a question that's been baffling students of natural history since time immemorial, (or at least since I made the scene) Mr. Joseph Cardello of Staten Island (Shoken school) asks, and I quote, "Dear Mr. Godzilla, how in Gennas's gizzard did you ever get that radioactive breath? It's a real gas!" and quote. Well Joe, I can't say much for your literary style but I do commend your rather nosed curiosity. The matter of my breath is a deeply personal one, but I figure I owe the world a favor (after all, if there was no world, what could I terrorize film after film?) and so I'll talk turkey. It was a fair sunny day back in the summer of '45 (1945 for you perfectionists) and I had just taken a completely sound and restful nap when I made the crucial mistake of opening my choppen to yawn. Little did I know that the U.S. Army was testing its tancy A-Bombs in the area and before I could utter a single pathetic "baww" "PLOP!" A right storm for breakfast and a splitting headache for lunch! by the time dinner rolled around I was churning medium rare steaks for the main course, searing watermelons for dessert and cranking and leech to wash away my troubles. Before long I was nicknamed "The Fastest Mouth in the East." Anyway you look at it, this distressed dinosaur was totally fuming!

### KING KONG DETHRONED

Another matter of business I've been meaning to discuss (but never had the nerve or the opportunity to do so) is my constant feud with my old "buddy" King Kong. I suppose Kong was a King at one

time, but, dear friends, that time is past! For a good many years that gooney guy had been living off the popularity of his old films, making public speeches in various places and signing autographs for little monsters. Then, in the early months of 1962, he paid yours truly a visit and kindly requested a part in my next film. Feeling sorry for the poor old boy I agreed to share billing with him in what eventually became "King Kong Vs. Godzilla," but if I had known at the time that the American distribution of the film



KONG has only with efforts to creature temple

were going to film a separate ending, there would have been one unemployed ace gracing the peaks of Mt. Fuji! In the states, the chumpy chimp defeats his kindly benefactor.

But I'm not the type of reptile who holds a grudge. After all, what is the "King" doing now? Last I heard he converted those deadheads at Toho to produce a properly fully effort entitled "King Kong Escapes." It's a clutch he hasn't escaped the film's landslide kums. By the way folks, I figure this is a good time to plug my latest effort.



How I sat in rather good form turning my disconcerted head breath to good advantage

**GODZILLA VS. THE SMOG MONSTER.** It's sort of a meaningless and irrelevant disc of today that pits me against a somewhat sloppy sample of smog that thinks nothing of turning nice little humans into the prettied of Toho's special optical effects (may be more about SMOG next effort!) The movie should be making the rounds with AIP's FRIGGS (see page 27 on that bedpole of a flick!), so make a point to visit your local movie house (or is that "max house"?!) and o-a-j-o-y yourself!

Now, as that note, I hope you understand that my time, this issue is just about up. I ask you to join me in two short weeks when I reveal the hidden secrets behind today's modern monster, the amazing discoverer and scintillating secrets that make life the heart full of tribulation it is. (?) Write to me, ask questions, make this column yours as well as mine. After all, you owe it to yourself!

Until next time,

**Gadzolla**

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Was there ever any doubt?

20th Century Fox released the **PLANET OF THE APES** and it was a huge success. So they released **BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES** and THAT was a large smash. Never ones to blow the hot air of change into the cool breeze of financial success, the powers-that-be at Fox released **ESCAPE FROM THE PLANET OF THE APES** — and that too became a boxoffice biggie. The "escape" proved to be a brief one, however, and Fox has just unleashed its latest Ape epic, **CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES**. Here we present a two-headed view of Fox's latest simian thriller. One of the heads (belonging to R. Allen Leider) nodded vertically at the newest Ape opus, while the other (owned by Allen Brandman) chose a horizontal direction. In other words, one of 'em liked it and the other didn't. Here's why...

Twenty years ago, two articulate and intelligent apes named Cornelius and Zira came to the earth of the present from their home on the earth of the future. The novelty of their existence wore off quickly, however, and soon they came to be viewed as a possible threat to mankind. Cornelius told the human populace of the nature of the world he had come from. It was a world dominated by the apes. Man was a creature of submission to be hunted, experimented upon, stuffed and mounted for museum display. Cornelius spoke of the origins of the planet of the apes, of the impending revolution of the servant apes in what was now the near future. The public became aroused by this frightening prophecy and fear won out. Cornelius and Zira met death trying to save their son from suffering the same fate at the hands of their human masters. But — unbeknownst to the world — their son, Caesar, lived! Rescued by Armando, a circus owner, Caesar has been raised in hiding with the other animals of the circus, Armando (Ricardo Montalban), you see, understands Caesar's plight.

Armando takes Caesar to the city, the city of 1990, a city ruled by the ruthless Governor Breck (Don Murray); a city kept functioning by a virtual army of

servile apes. It is Caesar's first visit to the city and he is shocked to find his people (i.e. apes — Ed.) in the chains of slavery. When Caesar is unmasked, when it is discovered that he has the power of intelligence and speech, he is forced to flee for his life. Armando a taken prisoner and tortured by the cruel Police



In a way it was really a shame. I mean, here were all these nice, petite, impeccably-behaved lady apes shuffling and scratching their way up 5th Avenue on that balmy June 27 afternoon, surrounded by eager publicity agents, TV camera crews, and a shocked if unsurprised Fox City populace, all playing out their predictable parts in this 20th Century Fox peacock stand for its latest Ape opus, **CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES**, when all of a sudden, like a bolt out of the blue, a cat out of the bag, or an original flash out of a long belittled bomb, comes this gross, overbearing apparition of an earthy Stanley Kowalski style ape, rubbing his obscene hairy torso and granting moist nothings at Fox's troupe of first female sinners. Before you could say "Mighty Joe Young," all heck broke loose at the TMT-shielded (Yes MT shorts are on the way!) rumpage gorilla starts stealing

Chief Kotp (Steven Darden). Disgusted as a servant, Caesar infiltrates the ranks of the enslaved apes by getting assigned as Breck's personal servant. Breck's assistant, MacDonald (Mark Rhodes), a black man, feels compassion for the apes and sympathizes on their and Caesar's behalf when Breck sets out to enforce a drastic get-tough policy.

But the cruel treatment of his fellow apes gnaws away at Caesar's mind until the day comes... the day of his destiny!

Just what is Caesar's destiny, you ask? Will Armando break down under torture and "hiss up, you want to know? Will Caesar be discovered, you wonder? What will happen when and if Caesar and Breck meet in mortal combat, you query? Is this, you ask above all, the end of the Planet of the Apes???

Well, you'll just have to see the movie to get the answer to these and countless other questions birthed by that curious

mind of yours. And please, do go and see it. **CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES** is one of the few quality sci-fi films around these days and follows the fine tradition started by the first "Ape" flick several years back (See MT No. 17). The technical work is extremely good. I mention these details because to a trouble-so-far horror buff there is nothing more maddening than out-of-focus, poorly colored, sloppily edited movies. This is especially true when they have a good professional cast that stands up to the high film standards of today's cinema.

#### APE OPUS EARNS APPROVAL

**CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES** succeeds on almost all counts. Excellent camera work, brilliant color and sharp editing highlight the opus. The plot, unfortunately, is a bit skimpy.

**TMT GOES APE**  
to our system-suited  
superior dramatically-drawn  
and free movies of  
**THE MONSTER TIMES**  
to listen,  
senior citizens, and  
even a devilish or  
even during our  
own imperious  
this Avenue  
Ape-In.



the public's emotions and the camera's eye away from the bearded lady apes. His worn, spirited antics (and free copies of **THE MONSTER TIMES**) quickly won out as the hearts of small tykes, surly teens, puzzled parents, head-scratching action citizens, and cynical models even began melting at an equal pace at the furry feet of the MT ape.

How did this *Meracle* on 59th Street come about? Well, acting swiftly on a tip from one of our many apes inside the media, we decided to dispatch our own gorilla, to join in the fervency planned by

the 20th Century Fox Publicity Dept. Inside the MT ape was a young acrobat-actor-cartoonist named Jason Roberts—just back from a performing stint in Gene Kelly's *CLOWNBAROUND*, a touring theater-circus-and Jaseo's animated portrayal of a friendly ape was realistic enough to cause Kong himself a sleepless night or two and prompt Korea to turn in his suit. Accompanied by a number of loyal MT staffers—there to lend moral support—Jason and the **CONQUEST** apes traded grunts and bewildered stares, although, for expressions of pure bewilderment nothing



Fox's latest Ape epic begins where previous ones. *ESCAPE FROM THE PLANET OF THE APES*, left off with revolutionary ape (Roddy McDowell) being kept out of town's way by lecherous circus owner Armando (Ricardo Montalban).

There is a great deal of fine action footage but it has to uphold a thin plot thread — a difficult task at best. Perhaps if this film and its sequel (did I say that?) (it won't — Ed.) were combined, there might have been more movie meat on the bare bones of the plot. The twists and surprises that kept popping up in the previous Ape epics just don't materialize in this one. Not that it's a dull film, on the contrary, *CONQUEST* is an action-thriller guaranteed to hold any horror freak's interest. It just doesn't give much information that relates to the entire *PLANET OF THE APES* film cycle, to the continuing saga of our simian heroes. But taken on its own merit, the film is a highly entertaining one.

Roddy McDowell is brilliant as Caesar. McDowell played Cornelius in the first and third Ape films and now essays the role of his own son in this fourth Ape offering. I do miss Kim Hunter's acquiescent female chimp, though. She provided a good deal of both charm and comic relief for the serious moments in the three previous outings. The female interest in this flick is provided by Natalie Trundy, sans fangs and without much of a shock at all. In fact, the relationship

between Ms. Trundy (as "Lsa") and Caesar is barely developed at all. Ricardo Montalban continues and concludes his Ape involvement with his portrayal of Armando, a man who plays a key role in helping Caesar's destiny reach fruition.

Caesar is overwhelmed by fascist humans, whose days, however, are numbered.



itself, climbed to its very top as if it were the mighty Empire State Building, and frolicked through the water, beating his chest and grunting cryptic comments to the crowd. Scores of free copies of MT were handed out by staffers before they and the Ape began their trek downtown.

TMT's first gala media event was covered by Metromedia TV (Channel 5) and CBS (Channel 2), although not

everyone at the out-faxed Fox Publicity Dept. seemed overjoyed by our timely appearance. As far as I can, he proved so fond of his new identity that he refused to hang up his claws and shouted that we would have to tear the uniform off his back.

Just goes to show... you can't keep a good ape down!!!!

■ Joe Kane



"Kane... see, he," says MT ape, "but how do you get to the Central Park Zoo?" "Protein," was his curt reply.

director J. Lee Thompson, or just due to some production quirk or the script, that is unknown to me. But the action and camera work make up for it, at least in part.

Certainly, we could use more films like this one. At least one more (did I say it again?) (It still won't — Ed.). Quality is something that needs to be stressed, particularly in this day and age when films are padded with unnecessary sex scenes to compensate for their lack of ingenuity, talent, or production know-how. Wholesomeness may sound goofy-goody, but all the great films were — whether you like it or not! — wholesome. The sweetest thing I can remember in any of the classics is KING KONG tearing Fay Wray's dress (personally, we were more turned on by the *Brick of Frankenstein's* and any manner the way the *THING* walked — Ed.). Even that was done tastefully.

So see the *CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES*. Who knows — we may live to see it happen.

■ R.A.L.

#### APE ARGUMENT RAGES ON!

For every Dr. Jekyll-type film reviewer we have around, we at TMT also keep a Mr. Hyde-type busy. The Mr. Hyde in question is our own Allen Brandman, who also reported to us about what he'd seen in *CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES* and the following is from his somewhat opposing view of the film. Allen... take it away.)

Despite the general esteem in the beginning of *CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES* (which especially made *ESCAPE FROM THE PLANET OF THE APES* so rewarding), there is less warmth in this film than in its predecessors. We have come to care less about these characters somehow... The business of revolution is handled very typically and impersonally after a point, and, wallowing in its own sadism, never manages to achieve the same kind of suspense sustained by the previous films. What's more, by the end, we have almost as little regard for Caesar, his brothers, and their revolution as we do for their callous human masters. Perhaps that's the only way it was meant to be...

Still, it's a shame.



Caesar may be in trouble here, but soon the shades will be on the other rock—the human one, that is.

Further misuses include, incredibly enough, the costumes and special effects for which the series won so much fame. Some of the ape costumes — notably the orangutans (with whom Caesar seeks refuge) really aren't very convincing. Also, despite a few well-conceived suggestions of futuristic society, the sense of locale is far too vague and uninteresting. We are supposedly in some sort of city. But we never really get a good view of it, and the action is always




One of Fox's speedily ape shakes goes with tiny TMT fan as our own Ape-in-the-Street movie further upturns in search of bigger and better worlds to conquer.

could top the faces of the Fox publicity crew, who had not been informed in advance of our impromptu appearance.

With the temperature a scalding hot pleasant 80° and the sun shining as if it owned the world, *Joan* and the *Fox* apes took separate routes up to the fountain at the 59th Street entrance to Central Park — long the scene of strange goings-on. While the demure *Fox* apes were content to gabble about the fountain's perimeter, nothing of the sort would satisfy our gossips. Not about to settle for such tame play, the MT ape took a lumbering leap into the fountain





Even a man  
who is pure in heart  
and says his  
prayers by night,  
may become a wolf  
when the  
wolfbane blooms  
and the autumn  
moon is bright.







We're sure you'll never see this fellow hopping down Fifth Avenue one sunny afternoon, but he's THE COLOSSUS OF NEW YORK. While he may not resemble the streets, I wouldn't get too close to Central Park if I could help it!

**MEET HERCULES.** Despite the author's breezy style, he still finds time to point out that the *TIME MACHINE* setted George Pal an Oscar, and further mentions he got all the ideas from Percy Smith anyway.

He moves from time-machine movies to the "future" movies to the series this reader found most interesting: flicks that utilized the atomic bomb as a method of prediction. Gifford points out that if it is ever to become reality, we'd better hope it doesn't happen this year.

were in convulsions until the title was changed to **TANK CARTOONS**—despite the fact that it was a live action movie!

Gifford reaches his high point in the robot section, systematically praising and damning the mechanized men, zinging producers with lines like: "THE COLOSSUS OF NEW YORK, an electrical robot heaving the living brain of dead Otto Kruger, carted off Mala Powers, somewhat hopefully dumping her on the bed. The climax of the spectacular **KING KONG ESCAPES** took place atop Tokyo Tower, where the world's largest robot, Meffini-Kong, has a tiny cling with King Kong."

His second chapter concerns itself with films that deal with Exploration. Sub-divided into chapters on alien visitors and home grown astronauts, Gifford excellently sets the two in the proper perspective.

His section on aliens is particularly absorbing. He talks of many of the fine invasion movies, contrasting unfavorably the type of invader in **THE PURPLE MONSTER STRIKES**, with the more benevolent visitor from Krypton, **Superman**. While both arrived in a ship with no other passengers, Roy (Purple Monster) Barcroft's intent is to prepare earth for invasion, while Kirk (Superman) Aym seeks only a home in which to live. He further contrasts the various alien monsters by including **THE MAN FROM PLANET X**. While our purple monster shares the same intent as our Planet X man, the latter is accidentally destroyed by the army. Gifford notes the trend that X started as duplicates sprang up, sharing both X's unfortunate extinction, and X's poverty row bustout.

From aliens, Gifford proceeds directly into astronauts, and then into his third chapter on prediction movies.

The first movies of this genre in a way were those that utilized the time machine as their main catalyst. Gifford concentrates on all of the time machine movies, going from the sublime (1960's **TIME MACHINE** masterpiece) to the ridiculous (1967's **THREE STOOGES**

in L. A. Apparently we are going to lose either way so you might like to pack a few bags and make reservations at your nearest fallout shelter.

His final section is the prediction chapter concerns predictions of the end of the world. Interestingly enough, the earth was destroyed not once, but twice by the same comet. 1910 brought **THE COMET**, whose final scene was a panoramic view of a desolated world.



This bunch of ape got George Pal an Oscar in 1940. They appeared as Merlocks in the movie, **THE TIME MACHINE**.

**THE COMET'S COME-BACK** in 1915 finds the earth destroyed again by the same aerial body, and Gifford adds sarcastically, "the only known survivors are the hero, heroine and cameraman." Nevertheless, the earth somehow survives to be destroyed several times during the years, yet it always makes the needed comeback for the next flick.



Does Gifford describe this critter as a "Scaly monster for adults." Presumably, we can't figure what makes him an adult, even though he did so-star 1966's **DESTINATION: INNER SPACE**.

**MOVIE MONSTERS.** Still in abundance and they cover the field quite well. They range from shots of the stock exchange scare in **BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES**, which shows a crumbling New York Stock Exchange building in the far future, to rather strange shots of Forest Tucker battling ludicrous tentacles in **THE TROLLENBERG TERROR**. The book reproduces over 100 stills in half and full

page forms, pre-movie shots, lobby cards and even a comic story written for the prebook of the **TORONTO THE GREAT** serial of 1954. Oddly enough, it's written by the book's author, and luckily Gifford is a better book writer than comic writer.

Overall, Oens Gifford has produced a simply magnificent book, loaded with an interesting, informative, entertaining and humorous text that never slackens from the breathless pace that with the description of one George Melies, the father of the science fiction film, Gifford gives him this distinction by virtue of Melies' 1907 movie entitled **THE LABORATORY OF MEPISTOPHELES** which ran all of 225 feet. Pictorially the book is a match for any, and at the bargain price \$2.25, it's a must-get item. But my problem is that now that Gifford has turned me on to the world of the science fiction films, I've got to start worrying about that nuclear generator in Los Angeles and the crashing bomber in the Aegean sea. I fear I'll never get to screen all the flicks I've a desire to see!

—Joe Brancatelli

This, according to **SCIENCE FICTION FILM** is a "Modern Norman." Norman... I have no desire to see this primitive folk that inhabited Britain before this fellow who appeared in 1952's **WAR OF THE WORLDS**.



1972 was apparently a good year for atomic explosion movie makers as both **THE OAY THE FISH CAME OUT** and **PANIC IN THE CITY** marked this year as a disastrous one. **THE OAY THE FISH CAME OUT** finds a nuclear bomber crashing into the Aegean Sea, while **PANIC** exposes a plot to trigger a reactor

The author's final chapter is the aforementioned section containing the science-fiction film index, and that reveals a potpourri of titles, ideas and mutations.

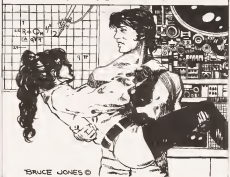
Artistically the book is a minor masterpiece, easily surpassing the graphics in Gifford's first book on fantasy films,

# LIANA

NESTLED HOME TOO SECURELY IN THE GRIM WORLD OF THE FUTURE, LIANA LONGED FOR THE MIRACLES THAT WOULD END THE PAIN OF HER LOVELY EXISTENCE... BUT MIRACLES CAN HAVE DANGEROUS SIDE EFFECTS, AS LIANA WILL SOON FIND OUT.



THE DAYS OF MONOTONY AND SOLITUDE VANISHED... DAY SWEEPED ME INTO A WORLD OF LAUGHTER AND EXCITEMENT. WE WENT EVERYWHERE... THEN ONE DAY WHILE EXPLORING A DEAD CITY...



BRUCE JONES ©

HERE ARE SO FEW OF US LEFT NOW-- WE HUMAN. THE RACE IS NEARLY ENDED. I DWELT ALL ALONE ON A TINY PLANET IN THE FIFTH STAR BELT, PASSING THE DAYS WORKING IN MY SELF-MADE LAB...



ALL MY LIFE I HAD KNOWN LONELINESS. THEN ONE DAY A MIRACLE OCCURRED; DAY CAME INTO MY LIFE.





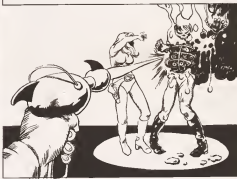
RHE WAS FROM UNIT-CONTROL, CHECKING UP ON ME, AND SHE WAS VERY BEAUTIFUL. THE MOMENT WE SAT DOWN TO DINNER I NOTICED THE CHANGE IN DAX... SO DID RHE...



I FOUND THEM IN THE LAB LATER THAT NIGHT AS I KNEW I WOULD. THERE WAS NO USE FIGHTING IT... THEY WERE TWO OF A KIND. I REALIZED THAT AS I DREW THE BLASTER...



I WAS ASHAMED OF MY JEALOUSY BUT COULDN'T FIGHT IT. I FIRED AND WATCHED THE CHROME FLESH OF MY CREATION MELT AWAY, EXPOSING THE BLINKING LABYRINTH OF WIRES AND CIRCUITS WITHIN...



IT IS LONELY AGAIN NOW, BUT IT MATTERS LITTLE. I MUST CONTINUE MY WORK, CREATING MORE DAX'S AND RHE'S AND POPULATING THE UNIVERSE. THERE ARE SO FEW OF US HUMANS LEFT...



## ATTENTION ALL MONSTER TIMES FANS!

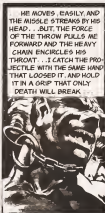
What you've been clamoring for all these months is coming! THE MONSTER TIMES FAN CLUB is coming soon, chock full of monstrously horrible goodies for all members. Keep your eyes on these pages for all the information.

THE MONSTER TIMES FAN CLUB IS COMING!  
Look for it.

## WANTED!WANTED!WANTED!

WANTED—Old radio and comic premiums, to expend our museum of relics, trivia and the lore of 20th Century pop-art. Things like the BUCK ROGERS PISTOL, or a CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT DECODER RING... and all the rest of the stuff. These things have a place

in our history, and we have a place for them on our shelves. Please send description and condition of items, plus the price you're asking, to TMTM, (THE MONSTER TIMES MUSEUM), P.O. Box 595, Old Chelsea Station, New York, N.Y., 10011.



Two panels from *BADTIME STORIES*, by Berni Wrightson.

## Badtime Stories

Benefit Berni Wrightson's beautiful and a bashingly brilliant book: *BADTIME STORIES*. Regular readers of THE MONSTER TIMES know wrenching Wrightson from his immortal color poster of Boris Karloff's FRANKENSTEIN in the centerfold of MT No. 1, and your bottom dollar can be bet that you'll be seeing more of his morbid phantasmagorically creepish, circus of ghouls and goblins, freaks and fiends, and doomish demons in future issues of this wonderful monster newspaper.

But in the meanest of whiles, though, you can have a 48 page, permanently-bound slick-paper softcover creepish classic of six soul-annihilating solo stories of mystery and macabre, Berni's weirdly-wrought, Wright-on *BADTIME STORIES*. We reviewed them in MONSTER TIMES No. 6, received so much mail, that we bought a stock of them for you to order from us.

*BADTIME STORIES* is all

Wright, son! Monster-sized (8 1/2" x 11"), and monster-oriented, with color paintings on the front and back covers, and spine-chilling black and white artwork inside, it's a steal at the measly \$5.00 per copy we're asking. (Though we won't tell you who's stealing from whom!) So fill out the coupon below, and send it into THE MONSTER TIMES folk. Would we ever steer you wrong?

Wright-on! Wrightson's writings will work on you like a witchcraft for his wretched world! Rush \_\_\_\_\_ copies of *BADTIME STORIES* at \$5.00 per copy plus \$9 postage & handling (\$5.50 total) to:

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Rushing in where rich men fear to tread, Douglas Trumbull—ace special effects man for 2001—endeavored to direct a sci-fi film of his own, on a tenth of the budget Kubrick had enjoyed for his *SPACE ODYSSEY*. The result of that project was *SILENT RUNNING*, the story of an ecological space mission of the future and a film that introduced a trio of lovable automatons called "drones" who tugged at the heartstrings of the most cynical cinema sophisticates. Here to tell you all about it now is Jim Wnoroski... Drone on, J.W.!



After years portraying all sorts of weirdo degenerates, Bruce Dern finally found himself playing a nice guy in *SILENT RUNNING*.

where he shot John Wayne in the back, takes the lead role here; a more sensitive part than the killers, rapists, and baby-sitters he has portrayed in such

**S**ILENT RUNNING is all about the idea that got away, at least that's the impression we got after a recent screening and interview with its director Douglas Trumbull, who spent two and a half years of his life making the special effects dreams of Stanley Kubrick come alive in the MGM masterpiece 2001: A *SPACE ODYSSEY*.



This impressive river of half-mile long spaceports are actually only 24 hour models designed, constructed and photographed over a period of several months in order to achieve the ballistically illusion portrayed here. The surfaces of the spaceport structures were textured by hand with parts from 550 Japanese model kits.

*SILENT RUNNING* is nothing more than a hedge-podge of very interesting and fascinating ideas that, although presented in a stimulating enough manner are never masterfully developed to the highest point of their dramatic potential.

The surface story is basically simple... spaceman Freeman Lowell is an ecologist on a trio of gigantic space freighters who has the job of keeping the last space forests in good growing condition. When the orders come to destroy the trees and abandon the project, Freeman rebels and sets out to save the last remains of what Mother Nature had created billions of years ago. The last forest is saved, but it is of little import in the entire scheme of things when the final frame has flashed on the screen.

And the ecological angle is just one of many aspects of the movie that fail to tell as a whole, there are also the drones—spatial, little robots that maintain the functions of the vessel and its precious cargo. They are by far the most noteworthy (and almost lovable) sci-fi elements to come along in some time. Scurrying around in the fashion of a Vaughn Bode nightmare, the drones, according to director Trumbull, were the main impetus behind making an actual film of the story-line—yet even though the robots are the most fondly emotional refrigerators to hit the screen since Robby the Robot in *FORBIDDEN PLANET*, they still fall short of their intended mark.

Accompanied psychotic Bruce Dern, straight from his role in *THE COWBOYS*

basar efforts such as *THE INCREDIBLE TWO-HEADED TRANSPARENT*. But Dern fans shouldn't be too disillusioned, Bruce manages to kill off three co-workers and escape with one drone before the picture runs its final course. Effect wise, Douglas Trumbull has

## INSIDE THE DRONES

Thanks to a pair of pieces appearing in the September, 1971 issue of *ESQUIRE* and the July, 1972 issue of the *AMERICAN CINEMATOGRAPHER*, TMT now takes you behind the scenes for a look at the people inside those



Assistant George McCarty, aerial director Trumbull is recruiting and training the legions actors who were fitted inside the drones.

endowing, poker-playing drones who won the hearts of sci-fi fans wherever the film was shown. Since director Douglas Trumbull required highly animated automatons to make the interplay between human Bruce Dern and his

# "Silent Running"

BEHIND THE SCENES OF



mechanized cohorts really come to life, he decided to install real actors inside the artificial drones. And, since the drones themselves had to be smaller than protagonist Dern, Trumbull needed actors

who would be small enough to fit inside them.

Luckily for Trumbull, he met a man

Dern rehearse his scene, while Cheryl Speake looks on from her perch inside the drone robot case. Cheryl and her co-actors all enjoyed their motion picture start and turned in admirable performances.



The indefatigable drone in it appears in SILENT RUNNING with common amputee actor working the controls.

who would—due to unique circumstances—be ideal for playing the part of one of the drones. His name was George McCart and he had lost both legs in the Vietnam tangle. As it turned out, however, George was of such stocky a physique to fit inside the narrow drone but he was immediately hired as a consultant to help Director Trumbull round up and work with a cast of amputees. Trumbull and McCart wasted no time in recruiting the drone crew.

When the recruitment and casting had ended, Trumbull had his three actors who, although they themselves would not

again turned in a hefty assortment of special effects ala 2001, albeit not as elegant as the Kubrick effort. Emulating the ODYSSEY format very closely, the elaborate spaceships and vehicles look incredibly real—even though Trumbull says he made them from plastic model tank and ship parts.



Director Doug Trumbull gets behind his heavy camera to line up front-projection unit and film live foreground action against a front-projected background. Right?

So all in all, though turned in for one tenth of 2001's budget, SILENT RUNNING is certainly a more ambitious and even more effective yarn than the sprawling, ambiguous SPACE ODYSSEY which still has everyone guessing. For even though SILENT RUNNING may present several unconnected concepts, at least they are understandable and, of course, enjoyable to any science-fiction film enthusiast.

■ JIM WNIORSKI



# page The Monster Times Teletype

... Frantic news, riotous previews, grace-fleashes ferreted out by BILL FERET, Monstertom's answer to Rons Barret, Nihil is in show-biz: a singer, dancer, actor and has many contacts in the domain of Entertainment, films, TV, live stage, and all like that. Where other monsterpugs get news to you months after a film's already been released, Bill Feret's TELETYPE lives up to its name, and reveals to you info of horror flix & cetera when they're still only in production. Impass friend and fiend alike with inside info on monster movies that haven't even been made yet! Goshawrotie, gang!

*Italy Hamachi! Er, excuse me, unholly Hamach. Currently rotting before the camera in a production called HANNAH - QUEEN OF THE VAMPIRES. (Why do we wish, Hamachi?)*

*Faith Domargue, Harolra extraordinaire of CULT OF THE COBRA, THIS ISLAND EARTH, THE ATOMIC MAN, ETC., is starring in a new flick entitled SO EVIL MY SISTER. Susan Siroshberg and Sydney Chaplin co-star. Keep the Faith, baby!*

*REN, agreed to WILLARD, is doing well in New York and it's every bit as good as its predecessor. The film opens with the last grudge and gruesome murders of WILLARD, and that's a lot of gas and gun to start a film out with... RAT DUN!*

*Also keep an eye for two or three out for an any-minute with Filmakers Ltd. production of the occult opus MOON CHILD. Veteran violin John Carrawick stars with Janet Landgard and Mark Truitt.*

*James Cain, son of THE GODFATHER, will have the lead role in MGM's SLITHER. It's been described as a contemporary-comedy-suspense-thriller. That's where you scream with a wile.*

"Ya dance divinely. If I had my claws on, I'd show ya how we do da Brooklyn Stomp."



Two hands are better than one... unless, of course, they happened to belong to Abbott and Costello, whose teamwork was every bit as heavy-handed as their comically nervous. The new Jekyll & Hyde dance team will have to wait until next week's reassured, though, before they get the chance to kill it again.

There'll be a new strip-and-dance team called... prepare yourself... "DIL JERYLL AND ME. EYDE." That's right, folks. The gruesome twosome are hitting the old vaudeville trail, via Lionel Bar's new television special for Times starring Kirk Douglas. Mr. Bart, you'll recall, did

the musicalization of OLIVER and the score for QUASHED. Shall we confirm a bit? ... a SORBOY is in "Hey, There"... or... "By Durnah"... "Me and my Shadow"... or "Who Can I Turn (into)"? Pick one, all or... none.

MERIAN C. COOPER'S  
**KING KONG**  
The Original Uncut Version

The granddaddy of all monster movies is Merian C. Cooper's KING KONG. Despite improved technical facilities in the nearly 40 years since its production, its power, scale and sheer ability to thrill, scare and inspire remain unsurpassed.

New York's Elgin Cinema, Eighth Avenue and 19th Street, will present their annual summer film festival from July 13 through September 26. TMT readers will be happy to note that the Elgin has not forgotten its monster flicks. Special play dates: the classic THE GOLDEN on July 20-26, First Lady's sci-fi masterpiece METROPOLIS and his classic thriller M on Aug 20 and 21 and, on Aug 22 and 23, two horror

classics THE CABINET OF DOCTOR CALIGARI and the original Dracula... NOGGERATI! Admission prices are \$1.50 and \$2 per Monday through Saturday, \$2 after 6 pm and all day Sunday and holidays and reserves \$1 and \$2 per Monday through Saturday. For additional information, call 675-9826, and visit The Monster Times next week.

## The Monster Times

### FANCON '72 TO BE GIANT FUNCON!

They're taking a look at Vampires, and you're all scared. The bash is FANCON '72, the first mass convention to be held in Norfolk, Virginia in a long, long time. It's gonna be a convention with loads of stuff, enough for five days, but low and behold, they're opening it into two, July 29th and 30th.

FANCON '72 is the brain storm of Pat Gubernia Jr., who's producing it in conjunction with United One Line and Fanclubs. With a group like that how can you go wrong? The con is being held at the spacious Commodore Henry Hotel in Norfolk, Virginia the last weekend in July. The hotel rates are dirt cheap, \$8 a night, and the convention admission is a scalar bargain: \$2.50 in advance for both days, \$2 a day at the door.

And you won't believe what they are offering for the pitman the group is charging. There will be an art show which will knock your eyes out, art love or not. Paintings by greats like Virgil Finlay and Kelly Freas will be on display. They'll be showing movies around the clock and the projection room will be keeping with such vigors as FLASH GORDON and RATMAN. And dozens of old costumes for the costume fiends eager to go.

Planet attendees are Billy Wood, Manny Liebowitz, Stan Hager, Sam Granger, Dan Adams and MT Contributors Mike Kahan and Frank Bravura. And, of course, Kelly Freas.

For information, write to Pat Gubernia Jr. at 3117 Ches. Blvd., Norfolk, Virginia 23509. So there!

Tomorrow Entertainment company has several mighty provocative titles lined up for the Television full-length movies, among them GARGOYLES, THE FABULOUS DR. FABLE and SUFFER A WITCH. These last three are scheduled for CBS, who you remember is putting on UFO!

Even though James H. Nicholson is no longer behind the helm of AIP with Sam Arkoff, he'll be producing his own rights under the 20th Century Fox banner. Already scheduled for production are THE THUSAND YEAR MAN and HELL HOUSE.



THE THINGS WITH TWO HEADS starring Ray Milland and Rosay Grier should be unleashed upon us presently. (You don't suppose Ray and Rosay each play a head?) AIP will release.

AIP has Ann "Glorious" Gardner in the title role of THE DEVIL'S WIDOW, formerly titled TAMLIN. Film has been shelved for sometime now, but will be released in mid-September. Fun MShane co-stars.

Some current films in production are GARDEN OF THE DEAD, shooting in L.A., Filmakers International's MIND-SWEEPERS, and DR. DEATH: SEEKER OF SOULS by (Henneman, J. D.D. Productions).

# CON-CALENDAR

DATE	CONVENTION	LOCATION	PRICE	FEATURES
July 29-30	FanCon '72 2117 Ches. Blvd. Norfolk, VA. 23509	COMMODORE NAUTY HOTEL Norfolk, VA.	\$2.50 in advance for both days \$2 a day at door	Kelly Freas, Virgil Finlay exhibits, movies, comic books
July 29-31	CHICAGO COMIC CON Manny Warner 1738 North Broadway Chic. 94E, IL	PICK-CONGRESS HOTEL Chicago, IL Congress & Madison Ave.	\$1.50 a day	Batbat as a Newspaper and other things on films, pulp, books radio programs and tapes
Sept. 1-4	L.A. CON 30th Street & Cox PO Box 1 Santa Monica, Cal.	LOS ANGELES Inter. Hotel Los Angeles, Cal.	no door, lowest one- weekend	The biggest of all of the old-time of writers in attendance and movies.
Nov. 26-30	FANTASY FILM FANS CON PO Box 74866 Los Angeles, Cal.	AMBRASSADOR HOTEL Los Angeles, Cal.	\$15 at door \$5 if 9/9	72 hours of fantasy films, Ray Bradbury, DC Fortunes, Bob Fitch.

**T**HE CON-CALENDAR is a special exclusive feature of THE MONSTER TIMES. Across this year kind of ones are quiet and without gathering of quality science fiction. The gathering called "conventions," and the editors, called "fans," deserve the attention of fans and non-fans alike, because the real bleeding reader source.

Detractors of such events put them down by saying that they're just a bunch of cartoonists and science fiction authors and comic book publishers talking, and signing autographs for fans who, like maniacs, spend scarce no out-of-date money, science fiction pulp, and monster movie stuff. But that's just the monster gang. If you want a couple of glossy pictures of Dracula or King Kong, or a 1943 copy of Archie Comics (don't show how you)

or if you wish to see classic horror and science fiction films, or meet the stars of old time movie serials, or today's top comic book artist and writers—or if you just want to meet other monster or comic science fiction fiends, like yourself, and learn you're not alone in the world, OR if you want to meet the affable detested denizens who bring out THE MONSTER TIMES, go ahead and visit one of these conventions. We stand with you!

These readers who've never been to one of these kind readers who've recommended it.



## "TOTALLY ILLOGICAL"

Columbia pictures will be coming to New York for location shooting of Donald E. Westlake's successor WHO'S BEEN MURDERING IN MY BED?

My, My and still they keep coming... NIGHT OF THE BLOODY APES, THE VIRGIN WHIP (is there another kind?) and NIGHT OF THE LEPUS (formerly RABBITS) are all scheduled for release within the next few weeks.

Samuel Gordon Heyler is planning a remake of the classic SENAD THE SAILOR. Loring will take place principally in Spain.

French director, Claude Brully, has an upcoming film for release with the intriguing title of THE MAN WITH THE GRAFTED SKULL. (Don't they know graft never pays, or does it?)

Last Chance productions (?) is shooting SWEET, MEAN AND DEADLY on location in the Arizona dunes.

DAY OF THE JACKEL, now filming in Europe, has the lovely Delphine Seyrig for its heroine. You might have seen Miss Seyrig in the incredibly useful Vampire film, DAUGHTERS OF DARKNESS. Film concerns a plot to assassinate French Premier, Charles DeGaulle, who died a natural death.

Speaking of awful, a London company, is bringing to the screen a film entitled DOH... YOU ARE AWFUL.

The Japanese Society will present a series of Japanese horror and suspense films on Friday evenings in July and August. On July 14 BAKUMATSU will be screened, on July 28 DDD AFFINITY, August 4 INN OF EVIL, and August 11 KRAKOA. The films begin at 7:30 on those evenings at the Japan House, 333 E. 47 St., New York. Admission is \$2. Call (212) 832-1115 for more info.

Peter Rosen and Mark Dintress have gone into pre-production on THE CASE AGAINST ORG. It's a dark comedy about a 350-lb. man trying to cope with existence in New York. (Amn't we all?)

Roman Polanski, you recall ROSEMARY'S BABY and THE FEARLESS VAMPIRE KILLERS, has scheduled for his next effort WHAT. (That's the title folks.)



...so what else is new  
Doctor Krontek?

### STAR TREK TO RETURN ...MAYBE?

NBC executives have again approached Gene Roddenberry to produce a pilot for a NEW version of STAR TREK. Mr. Roddenberry has refused... but only on the preposterous plot episode aspect of the proposed.

Gene Tees, and rightly so, that NBC has already "78 pilots on film," and there shouldn't be any need to produce another. Let's face it, he and Paramount know that series stands and out, and all the technical problems that would arise with another "inspected pilot" and he understands why all the buzz from the first STAR TREK. Getting their hopes up, as well as ours, with the possibility of their being denied upon the airwaves would be a little too much to ask if after all this preparation it might fall through. Maybe a few more letters to those ducks over at NBC would help. If they can't trust Gene Roddenberry by now, they're worse fools than we think they are.

I can't go on... But for my wonderful fans I must... Knocking them dead (trapped) in... Boston (?) is the incredible TRIPLE BILL. (?) better art down... CORPSE GRINDERS. THE UNDERTAKER and HIS PALS... and THE EMBALMERS (Honest, I wouldn't make it up.)

AN right, all right, so you want a little more for your money... howabout?... Jack H. (DINOSAURS) Harra' production of BONE, or the chiller-thriller THE DEAD ARE ALIVE (towards life most of my friends) or a gory love-of-conscience from Warner called DELIVERANCE, with Burt 'the body' Reynolds and Jon Voight. Give a week or two before delivery.

(Please forgive I only report what I find)... Belated (?) Productions has underway a feature film entitled... DEATH HEAD VIRGIN shooting in... Miami (?) with those wonderful favoring Dan McLean, Jack Gagner and Larry Ward (?). Which one do you think has the title role?... Well anyway... See ya next ch. B.F.

## CONQUEST OF THE PLANET of the APES

Continued from page 15

confronted to the same general, uncivilized defense area.

In addition to lacking the scope of the other films, the quality of the direction is also inferior. Under J. Lee Thompson's erratic handling, the film's pace begins to lag somewhere after the midway point, becoming particularly evident in the scenes of revolt which run far too long and uninterestingly. The film tends to strain itself for the sake of melodrama.

In no better place is this reflected than in the humor, still conscious acting - particularly that of Don Murray as the evil antagonist, Nan Rhodes as the apparently only worthwhile human left in

somewhat more restrained, but I suspect this is due more to the inabilities of his role than to his actual talents.

In the final analysis, though, the ultimate problem lies in the increasingly less enthusiastic, more gimmick-oriented approach obviously geared to exploiting our interest just enough so we will shell out for the next sequel (did we say that? - Ed.)

■ -Allen Brandman

(There you see it, two highly differing perspectives on the still-raging CONTROVERSY OF THE PLANET OF THE APES. We at TMT think these diverse views prove three things beyond a shadow of a doubt. One, that people like to give their opinions; Two, that ultimately it is all a matter of taste; and Three, that it takes all kinds. And so do we - Ed.)

### "COMIC FANS"

If you collect comics, you must read THE COMICCOLLECTOR. This is the world's leading magazine devoted to the hobby. Each issue contains many ads from fans & collectors from all over the country offering thousands of comics for sale & trade, and you can use it to sell & trade too. If you are looking for back issues, this is the place. Each issue includes more than 75 pages of content articles, criticism, and letter columns, all pertaining to this hobby. Here's your chance to buy & save, and meet with other people who share your interest. A sample issue is \$1.00, or send in for a 6-issue subscription for only \$3.00 or 8 issues for \$5.00. Or send \$7.50 for 12 issues & a free copy of THE GOLDEN AGE. No. 3 THE SPICA, GERT, 145, 0675 SW 212 ST., MIAMI, FLA. 33161.

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# The Monster Scene

FLY  
US TO  
TRAN-  
SYL-  
VANIA



The original Dracula, a former Romanian ruler, was covered by many just because he had a little entertainment along with his rule. While the above amusements may seem drastic by today's standards, remember—they didn't have radio or TV's back then!

## SPOTLIGHT ON DRACULA

### An Adventure in Transylvania

by JOE KANE

enjoy sinking their teeth into: an 18-day fully-escorted romp through middle Europe called "Spotlight on Dracula." Whether Pan-Am copywriters are using the word "fine" to denote "good" or whether they're employing it to mean "slight" is not made clear in their copy. But regardless of that, there can be no denying that the tour they are offering is certainly a unique one.

Transylvania is, for the benefit of

## The Monster Times

named Vlad Dracula, "a house cravities," according to Pan-Am men, "during his short life earned him the name 'son of the devil.'"

Recording the tourgoers will be "accredited scholars" who will serve as guides through the "dense forests, quaint villages and craggy moors of Transylvania." The tour package includes a multi-media trip through "Dracula's World" which is scheduled to take place before the plane leaves New York. This entails an illustrated lecture on "Dracula, the Man and the Myth" by professors Rada R. Florescu and Raymond T. McNally (authors of a book entitled "In Search of Dracula") plus a documentary film featuring Chris Lee. Following this, the tour really starts to get off the ground—and the Pan-Am plane finally leaves for Transylvania.

Once in Romania, the vacationers are led by the nose (the very same one they've just got fished paying through) to the aforementioned site of Dracula's Palace at Pitesti, his tomb at Snavog (which was, incidentally, exhumed in 1931, only to be found eerily empty!) as well as sightseeing and shopping visits to the resort towns of Brasov, Sibiu, Sighisoara, Tirgu Mures, Putna, Piatra Neamt, and Bacau. Pan-Am's Transylvanian vampire hunt will be departing from New York 16 times between September 8, 1973 and October 20, 1973, including a special Christmas flight on December 23, 1973. The trip lasts 18 days.

One alienating factor that will alarm most TMTers is the price of the tour. When the charges for airfare, land tours, first-class hotel accommodations, most meals, farewell feasting, resort services, sightseeing, transfers, tips and taxes are all totalled up they amount to a rather staggering \$936 per vampire hunter. And from June 15 through August 17 the price rises to \$998. Do you think Dracula would shell out close to a thousand bucks to see your tomb, or, if you happen to be still among the living, your run-down apartment in the Lower East Side? We think not! However,



This sparsely furnished room in Brasov is one of the in Dracula's dining quarters, where The Count would brood over radiantly weak and get drunk on vast quantities of cheap red blood.

the uninformed, located in Romania and the Spotlight on Dracula tour includes stopovers at Bucharest (a city founded by the original DRACULA in 1459), Snavog (the site of Drac's tomb), Pitesti (where his former palace is situated), and other Romanian towns of interest to the Grand Vampire's legions of fans. The original Dracula referred to above was a 16th century Romanian ruler

if money is no object, you might want to contact Pan-Am for your FREE brochure. In that case, happy hunting! As for the rest of us... well, we hear they'll be re-running DRACULA on the late, late show sometime this summer, so be sure to catch it. Won't your friends be jealous when they discover that they missed it because they were romping around Transylvania at the time?

"Oh," worries the Count, "they're here already and we've got nobody in with the dracula costume!" But not even Bela could hold a candle to the quality of the REAL Dracula.

Nowadays, it seems like you never can tell where your favorite fiend might pop up next. Just peel those peepers and take a fearful look around! Today you'll see the WEREWOLF in mouth-wash commercials! KING KONG for Volkswagen! SUPERMAN in soapad promos!... Monster T-shirts, monster jokes, monster model kits, monsters even competing for your girlfriend! There are Transylvanians on TV,



Dracula's Tomb at Snavog is one of the every terror attractions included in Pan-Am's tour. Its coffin, by the way, was dug up in 1931, only to be found... EMPTY!

monsters in media, zombies in zines and, as we've all known for a long time now, mercenary madmen on

Madison Ave! There are bets in the belfry, Zombies on Broadway and (ouch!!!) roaches in the sink! And it seems like wherever you go nowadays, the media-mad-ad-men are always out in full force trying to get their claws on you! So, in keeping with the current revival of things macabre, all the serie ephemera that's been appearing lately in places where madmen normally fear to tread will be duly reported in our brand new irregular column, THE MONSTER SCENE, by your friendly fiends-in-the-fields at TMT.

To kick off the Monster Scene, we are giving the entire first column to Pan-Am's earth-trembling announcement of a ghastly guided tour they have recently inaugurated called SPOTLIGHT ON DRACULA. An Adventure in Transylvania. Sounds strange, eh? Vacationers, read on there's quite a bit at stake for you in this tour of Transylvania's Tombland.

According to a Pan-Am publicity release, "Beginning in September, Pan American World Airways will be offering a tour which vacationers with a fine sense of humor will

TMT's ace media man R. Allen Leider is here to report on a couple of new fright flicks, **FROGS** and **THE DEAD ARE ALIVE**. We'd like to say that these films merit the MT APE of APPROVAL but unfortunately for them, Mr. Leider has turned thumbs down on both. In fact, he turned his thumbs down so far that it took two burly MT staffers and several hours of hard work to pry them loose from the used bubble gum, spilled soda, and other sticky substances coating the movie house floor!



No, **FROGS** is not about French vampires or French ghouls or French anything. It is **THE BIRDS** with warts. The story is flat and dull and events are



"I can't talk just now," squeals farnished frog. "I've got a people in my throat."

easily guessable by even the youngest horror movie fan. **FLOT**, a number of members of a large southern family are trapped in their mansion on the eve of the patriarch's birthday. What traps them is the wildlife in the surrounding bayou. The reason for the revolt is the ecological destruction of the bayou by the paper mill the family runs. The army marches upon the humans—not just frog, but snakes, moths, spiders, lizards, orats, fish... you name it and it's revolting.

What is also revolting is the picture Ray Milland, who we thrilled to in **MAN WITH THE X-RAY EYES**, is wasted in this flick.

Milland will soon be seen in **THING WITH TWO HEADS**. Let's hope that "Two Heads" are better than this one (oops!) Also wasted is a budget and several thousand feet of perfectly good movie film. Copycat thrillers such as this must be made with more care because they have something to live up to and **FROGS** fails the acid test.

What destroys it more than the lack of originality of theme is the unimaginative dialogue (once 1950 TV soap opera) and lack of suspense: 1. Sus-pents: 1 mental uncertainty, 2 anxiety 3 a

state of indecisiveness. In other words a feeling of fear and curiosity that horror fans thirst for. The terror that rears a frog in your throat. **FROGS** raises nothing to your throat, save a feeling of impending nausea. A truly "RETCHED" film!

The cast, except for Milland, is relatively new to films and may have thought that this one was a practice session. So did the director. But why

The script seems able to swallow the help easily enough, but our MT critic couldn't swallow the film. Neither the frogs, their croaking efforts, or human audience could swallow any enthusiasm in the latest AIP fiasco.



**THE DEAD ARE ALIVE** and as well as can be expected in this Italian-made monsteries "horror" flick. The dead seem to be sharing a last laugh over the seismic action of its cast, though, as director at left extends long hand in joyful "graveyard" gesture.

## RUSTY ETRUSCANS

**THE DEAD ARE ALIVE** and turning over in their graves if they know about this film. It is a good example of time, money, talent and effort being buried alive. Shot on the site of an Etruscan village and boasting of its immense research into the nature of Etruscan religion and civilization, the film plods mercilessly to a disappointing finale.

Alex Cord is an archeologist digging in some Etruscan tombs. He discovers the tomb of the demon god Tushulka and is warned of evil to come. Cord ignores the warning, and if the audience is smart they'll ignore the whole thing. Naturally a series of murders follows. Cord is puzzled. Samantha Eggar, who plays his girlfriend and John Marley who plays her

husband, are puzzled. The audience is puzzled. Why did they go to see this? The police are not puzzled. They suspect Alex. Why? Because he is an alcoholic. Who else is there to suspect? Samantha is too pretty. John Marley is too honest (remember him in **LOVE STORY**?). Then things really begin to slow down. There is a bedroom scene with Alex and Samantha teasing each other. Another double murder. A lot of yawning. Then the police capture the mad assassin.

Now the question is, how did this

trash get released? National General, who distributes it, is so embarrassed by it that they didn't even hold a press screening and rumor has it that they would like to get it off the market entirely after a short initial run. It is a gross disappointment. There are no living dead, no zombies, monsters, spoons... nil. Only a few badly superimposed shots of Tushulka's eyes in the tombs. Boo! What the plot, a curse on a tomb, has to do with Alex and Sam in bed, or Sam's scared chry or so much of the film is the real mystery.

Alex and John and Samantha deserve better than this. They are talented professionals who shouldn't be wasted on such drivel. Who wrote it? The director, of course, Armando Crispino. How's that grab you? I suspect he finished the film and left it at National General's door in a basket with a note of twines and a note. The minor players are just that—and for obvious reasons. The camera work is run-of-the-mill acceptable and editing only passable. The title is completely misleading. This film didn't need a press screening, it needed a bonfire. **THE DEAD ARE ALIVE** makes the living who shell out two bucks to see it wish they were dead. **SAVE YOUR BREAD!!!!**



The ancient Etruscan demon god, Tushulka, peers out of his tomb for an instant to see if anything of interest is happening. Well... better look next time.





Continued from page 5

woods a snarling sound came from behind a tree. Stalking around it were two legs, hairy and wolf-like. The face was half-man, half-wolf, grotesquely defiled by the worst qualities of both. The howling of the wolf was heard as the werewolf scurried through the brush and came to a graveyard in a cemetery, shoveling the last of the dirt into a grave. Then a monstrous snarling sound escaped from the werewolf as it pounced on its innocent victim. They struggled but there was hardly a contest. The werewolf sank its sharp, deadly claws into the man's flesh and feasted on the torrents of blood pouring from the man's gaping wound. Again the sound of a wolf rose above all other night sounds, baying in bloodlust and fear.

Hours later Capt. Montford, Dr. Lloyd, and a group of villagers found the body of the gravedigger. Dr. Lloyd concluded that the man had been killed in the same manner as Jerry Williams had been and by a similar assassin: a wild animal. Capt. Montford found animal tracks near the body, identifying them as wolfprints.

In the Talbot home, Larry came to on his bed, his clothes were drenched from the ordeal of the night before. Going to the window, he found wolfprints leading all the way from outside into his room to the bed. Horrified, he worked on them until all traces had disappeared. Shortly after this his father came in and cheered,



is a fury of  
werewolf  
bloodlust.  
Larry Talbot  
gave for the  
thrill of the  
monster he  
loves...

Life is very simple. They decide this is good, that's bad. This is wrong, that's right. No shades and grays, all blacks and whites." Here Larry interrupted to say that Paul Montford was like that. Sir John agreed and went on, "Now others of us find that good, bad, right, wrong are many-sided, complex things. We try to see every side. The more we see the less sure we are. Now you ask me if I believe a man can become a wolf, if you mean can he take on the physical characteristics of an animal, no, it's fantastic. But I do believe that most anything can happen to a man in his own mind." Sir John paused, saying it was time for church. "You know, Larry," he began, "believe it or hereafter is a very healthy counterbalance

hated some who believed him guilty of the murders had in their faces. It was so hard that Larry could no longer stand it and moved quickly out of the building and down the street.

#### A DOOMED EXISTENCE!

Later that day Capt. Montford and Sir John had another discussion. Capt. Montford considered sending the evidence he had acquired to Scotland Yard, but Sir John felt there could be no question as to the tracks truly being those of a regular wolf. Capt. Montford was especially worried about all the talk of werewolves and voiced his thoughts as Larry came down to join them. Sir John told Larry they had been discussing the wolf that seemed to be roaming the countryside. Larry told them it wasn't a wolf but a werewolf. They all were startled by this but Montford said he could be right and jokingly said it would be "to have one over a collection of animal heads. Larry was temporarily overtaken by anger and almost went for the man, but controlled himself at time as Dr. Lloyd said they shouldn't joke about the all-too-serious matter. Larry faced the doctor with, "Do you believe in werewolves?"

The man said he believed a man could become a wolf, if you mean if driven to madness by too many pressures. He went on to quote many cases that had appeared in the past often caused by self-hypnosis. The doctor said he'd never really seen a werewolf before and science had seen the past showed explanations proving they could never meet except in

people's superstitious minds. Larry asked the doctor if these people could be cured. Montford broke in that they'd be better off in a hospital for the insane, but Dr. Lloyd claimed anyone willing could be helped. Frank Andrews decided to go on some traps while the others were trying to figure out the mystery. Capt. Montford agreed to go with him, replying, "We might not find anything more than a demented mind, but even that might be interesting."

When he had seen Sir John told the doctor he did not like what he had said about hypnosis to Larry. Dr. Lloyd told him that Larry was a sick man and needed to take a vacation away from the pressures of the village. Sir John didn't, however, go along with that. He said, "You're talking like a witch doctor. My son is ill and the best place for him is in his own home." Dr. Lloyd asked Sir John if his family name meant more than his son's health but Sir John pushed it off as nonsense. "The one way for him to get cured is to stay here and fight his way out of this."

Out in the woods villagers led by Capt. Montford and Frank Andrews set traps for the wolf. Later that night the baying of a wolf was heard as Larry Talbot, in werewolf form, again roamed about in search of fresh victims. In the distance a pack of dogs barked as they scoured for the scent of the wolf. The werewolf, meanwhile, came upon a trap and became caught in its grip. Once on the ground, the beast put up a frenzied effort to free himself, struggling in great terror and desperation. Farther away Frank Andrews lost the trail of the wolf, so Capt. Montford told him to go a group

Continued on next page



... only to be extinguished by a lightness Sir John, silver headed once held light,  
to be brought down on the hapless Wolfman, who bays in fear and pain...

"Good morning, Larry," Sir John then went on to say that Richardson, the gravedigger, had been killed that night adding that, "The tracks lead up to this house." Strangely enough, Larry next asked about the story of a man turning into a wolf. "It's an old legend," replied Sir John. "You'll find something like it in the folklore of nearly every nation. The scientific name for it is lycanthropy. It's a technical expression of something that's very simple. The good and evil in every man's soul. In this case the evil takes the shape of an animal."

Larry suddenly became panicky and asked his father if he believed in the yarn. "Larry," he said, "For some people

to all the conflicting doubts man is plagued with these days," and asked him to go along with him.

Outside the church the villagers talked of the incident that happened the night before. Jerry's mother claimed there wasn't an animal and that it was strange how the murders synchronized perfectly with Larry Talbot's arrival. A village man quieted her down, saying it was up to God to say such things. The church organ started playing a calm, somewhat sad tune as Larry and Sir John Talbot parked their automobile and got out. As Larry headed down through the rows of people, unfriendly faces bared to stare up at him, Larry could feel the terror and



... still be suffering and he must be aided by the death that now seems unobtainable, pursuing to an end an eternal torment ruled by the great and slithering scheme of the Moon.

of villagers and march down a different route.

A few hours later Malena headed through the woods in her wagon. Crossing upon the werewolf in the trap, she saw the moon lose its magic over the beast as the dawn began approaching. Knowing he now would be harmless, she, in a mood of sad agony, bent over the werewolf and repeated the strange chant. "The way you walk is theony, through on faith of your own. But as the rain enters the soil, the river enters the sea, so tears run to a predestined end. Find peace for a moment, my son."

Suddenly the werewolf changed back into human form of Larry Talbot. After a moment of stiffness, Larry came to and asked what the woman was doing there and how had he gotten there himself. Malena said, "Hurry, the dogs. They are hunting you!" Larry leaped off into the woods towards his horse while, in the distance, the yelping of several dogs mixed in with the night's eerie spell. Suddenly, as Larry walked, a villager saw his figure and asked who it was. The villager then saw it was Larry and asked what he was doing there. Larry quickly replied he had been out hunting the animal like everyone else and quickly walked off. Capt. Montford came out and asked who he was talking with. Frank Andrews asked who was there next and Montford answered, "Larry Talbot," in a confused, puzzled tone of voice.

#### THE PREDESTINED END!

Larry got back into town sometime later and went to Corliffe's shop. In the window along over the building was Gwen's room. Taking a handful of rocks in his hands, Larry threw them lightly at the window in hopes of waking Gwen. She saw him below and made her way downstairs to the front door of the shop. "I'm going away," Larry said. Gwen asked him why and Larry frantically replied that he couldn't take it there any longer. Gwen said she could help him but Larry said she wouldn't want to go away with a murderer. He insisted he had killed Bela, Richardson the gravedigger, and who knew how many more. Larry was fearful for Gwen and intimidated that she might even be his next victim. She told him she still had the charm for protection but it is no way released his fears. Suddenly he looked in her palm and saw the pentagram! She said to be the next victim when he became a werewolf after all! Gwen said she couldn't see anything when her father suddenly burst into the room. Gwen told Mr. Corliffe that she was going with Larry, but the one cursed by lycanthropy moaned in agony and ran out and down the street.

Later that night Larry went into the living room of Talbot. Cautiously to talk with his father, "Father, I've got to get away from here," he said. "Bela the gypsy was a werewolf. I killed him with that silver

rodged Dr. Lloyd. "It takes a silver bullet for a werewolf."

Back where the old gypsy woman sat, Gwen suddenly appeared before her from the darkness and asked if she'd seen Larry. Malena told her not to go through the woods, that the land was on Gwen and she'd have to find him, but Malena cried, "Come with me or he will find you!" Without another word, Gwen rushed into the woods.

Meanwhile, Larry had again become the Wolfman and now wandered madly through the woods, growling hideously. Gwen walked not far from him, coming closer and closer with every step. Suddenly the werewolf leaped towards her and grabbed the poor girl by the throat as a screen broke loose from the unfortunate new victim. The werewolf choked and shook Gwen as a terrifying cold white maw screams broke from her throat. Gwen seemed doomed!

Suddenly Sir John came into the clearing and saw the horrible happening. With the aid of the silver-headed cane Larry had given him, he jumped and pulled the beast away from Gwen, able to save her from his jaws barely in time. Sir John struggled with the werewolf, frantically managing to pin it down while he pounded the heavy handle down hard over and over again on the wolf's body until it fell into the waiting arms of death and slumped lifeless to the hard ground below.

"The way you walked was theony," shouts Malena, "through the heart of your own. But as the rain enters the soil, the river enters the sea, so tears run to a predestined end. Your suffering is over. Now you will find peace for eternity." THE WOLFMAN IS NO MORE!

Weakly, Sir John got up from the ground and stared transfixed at the wolf's body. He now knew it was no ordinary animal since it wore clothes and looked slightly human. Suddenly the wolf transformed itself into the body of Larry Talbot! Sir John was stunned beyond description at the horrible truth!

Malena quickly came on the scene and bent over the body and said the same death chant over Larry that she had recited over Bela. "The way you walked was theony, through no fault of your own. But as the rain enters the soil, the river enters the sea, so tears run to a predestined end. Your suffering is over. Now you will find peace for eternity." As she moved away, Sir John took one more look down at his son and freely allowed his tears to flow. From a distance away Capt. Montford called the rest of the men to come where Sir John was. Frank Andrews saw Gwen and went to her side, asking if she was alright and relieved to find that she was. Capt. Montford found Sir John over the body of Larry. "The wolf must have attacked her," he said, "and Larry came to her rescue. I'm sorry, Sir John." Gwen called the dead man's name and cried when she realized the truth.

Once more, the seemingly impossible had shown mankind's rational beliefs and made us all seem as mere specks in the wild, helpless in the grip of forces forever beyond our control.









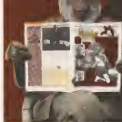
## NEXT ISSUE!



What's next, you ask? How could we possibly top an issue that gave you the Wolfman, the Phantom, and an exclusive interview with Peter Cushing, you want to know? Well, it won't be easy, but we're going to do it anyway. To kick off TMT 18, we have a flashback devoted to THE VALLEY OF GWANGI, in which the cowboys meet the monster and may be the last major role for another iconic, the Phantom! is on hand with Part 1 of his PERVERSE PLANT MONSTERS series, in which he gets at the roots of the mythical vegetable monsters that've been plugging Grade 2 actors for all these many years.

Plus—an exciting TMT interview with the Master of Suspense Himself, Alfred Hitchcock. Hitch previously agreed to talk to one of our fawning fans here and he discourses at length on all the strange ideas currently swirling and turning in that brilliantly perverse mind of his. Also for horror film fans is a preview of the first black Dracula film, entitled DRACULA and produced by (who else?) American-International. The MONSTER OF PIEDRAS BLANCAS (who?) will also be putting in a long overdue appearance. If you don't know who he is, well, this and countless other mysteries, both subtle and cosmic will be cleared up next issue.

Of course, they'll be another supernatural, biting article on VAMPIRES in the comics, and other surprises cooked up by the feverish minds of the gang at TMT. Could you afford not to buy this issue? We humbly entreat you to ponder that question in the privacy of your heart of hearts until such time as you come up with the answer we want. Thank you.



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